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standard of liberty in this New World, having taught a lesson useful to those who inflict, and to those who feel oppression, you retire from the great theatre of action, with the blessing of your fellow-citizens; but the glory of your virtues will not terminate with your military command; it will continue to animate the remotest ages. We feel, with you, our obligations to the army in general, and will particularly charge ourselves with the interests of those confidential officers who have attended your person to this affecting moment. We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And for you, we address to him our earnest prayers that a life so beloved, may be fostered with all his care; that your days may be happy as they have been illustrious; and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give."

'When the president had terminated his discourse, a long and profound silence pervaded the whole assembly. All minds appeared impressed with the grandeur of the scene, the recollections of the past, the felicity of the present, and the hopes of the future. The captain general and Congress were the object of universal eulogium.

'A short time after this ceremony, Washington retired to enjoy the long desired repose of his seat of Mount-Vernon, in Virginia.'



ART. X.—*Oeuvres Complètes de Jacques Henri Bernardin de St Pierre, mises en ordre, et précédées de la vie de l'auteur par L. Aimé Martin.* 12 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1818—1820.

THIS is the first collection that has appeared of the writings of Bernardin de St Pierre. The *Studies of Nature*, comprehending Paul and Virginia and the Indian Cottage, was the only considerable book published by the author during his life. The present collection contains another work in three volumes octavo, entitled the *Harmonies of Nature*, which was left unfinished, and might perhaps as well have remained unpublished. It is in substance nothing more than a repetition of the same ideas that are developed in a better form in the *Studies*. It serves with several other posthumous pieces to swell the number of volumes, and perhaps the booksellers'

profits, without adding any thing to the author's reputation, which rests ultimately upon Paul and Virginia. The few pages that comprise this charming little pastoral were the principal achievement and are the only lasting memorial of a life of more than seventy years. At the head of the collection is placed a copious biographical notice of the author by Mr Aimé Martin, a professor in one of the colleges at Paris; and it is from this that we propose to draw the materials for the present article. The account is pretty well written, and from the great variety of singular adventures related in it, is as interesting as a romance. As we anticipate that it will require a good deal of room to recapitulate the principal of them even in the most compressed form, we shall proceed at once to the narrative without further preliminary observations.

Bernardin de St Pierre was born at Havre on the 19th of January, 1737. The occupations and events of his childhood and early youth are related in great detail, but we must pass over this part of his life almost without notice, in order to be able to give his subsequent history with sufficient minuteness. Suffice it to say that previously to the age of five and twenty he had studied with a curate and then at a college of Jesuits at Caen; had made a voyage to Martinique with his uncle—obtained a lieutenancy in the engineer corps, and in that capacity had served a campaign in Germany and another in Malta—but with so little success and with such a variety of cross accidents interrupting all his plans, that he returned to Paris from the last expedition without resources or credit, thrown out of the line of military advancement—and almost without friends. Necessity, it is well known, is not the best letter of recommendation, and the author of Paul and Virginia, under these circumstances, was rather at a loss how to supply himself with daily bread. When the little cash he brought from Malta was exhausted, he applied to his acquaintance and friends for a fresh supply, but found them all short of money. In defect of money, some of them gave him advice, and recommended to a lieutenant of engineers to take the place of usher in a small school and teach little children their letters. He finally undertook to give lessons in mathematics to young men intended for the army; but no students applying, the plan was abandoned. The offers of service which he made to the government were treated with neglect, and he found the period approaching very fast when the baker and the landlady, his only re-

maining protectors, would withdraw their countenance. The following passage describes his situation at this crisis, with rather more point than is common to the biographer, whose general manner borders too nearly upon a sickening affectation of sentiment.

‘He lodged in an hotel in the Rue des Maçons, and hastened to visit those who, before his departure, had expressed an interest in him. The bailiff de Fronlay spoke to him of his own troubles, deploring the lot of great men, who had lost their influence with ministers. M. de Mirabeau, the friend of man, was composing a great book on the happiness of the human race, which prevented him from paying attention to any single one of the number. M. de Bois, first clerk, received him with the airs of a minister; told him he must wait, that his case should be considered; that he was perpetually visited by suitors; and with speeches like these, waited upon him civilly to the door. The poor suitor consoled himself under the indignity, by the sight of a hundred persons waiting in the antichamber, to enjoy the felicity of seeing a first clerk.

‘All his visits were attended with the like success. Meantime the little money he had left disappeared, and he came to the resolution of asking aid of his relations. He was equally unsuccessful here. Some told him he deserved all he suffered; and others that he was a *poor creature*, and that his family could not ruin itself to gratify his whims. The most friendly gave him no answer. In this emergency one of his protectors offered him a place at a boarding school, to teach little children to read. Another proposed to him to give lessons in mathematics to young men destined for the corps of engineers. He accepted this proposal; but pupils were soon wanting, and this last resource failed. On this he addressed to the minister of the marine a memoir, in which he proposed to go alone in a boat, and make a survey of the whole coast of England. This curious memoir did not excite the least curiosity on the part of the government, nor receive any answer. In short there was no species of mortification, which he did not suffer. He had never before felt to such a degree the bitterness of this lot. Misery had already begun to crush him; he had exhausted his credit with the baker, his landlady threatened to turn him out; nor was there, in this complete desertion, a soul to whom he could look for relief.’

This was certainly a case of distress; but distress is a word that loses its meaning when applied to a single man in the prime of life, tall and handsome, with the gaiety of a soldier and a Frenchman, not to mention the more doubtful advanta-

ges for making way in the world of superior talents and a good education. Distress to such a person is like a delicate situation to a great dramatic poet. It shows the triumph of his art. St Pierre, in want of bread at Paris, bethought himself of a plan which had engaged his attention at an earlier period, and which had for its object the foundation of an independent state on the shores of the lake of Aval in the centre of Asia. As nothing seemed to offer nearer home, he thought the moment favorable for carrying this plan into execution. This independent state was, however, to make its debüt in the world under the protection of Russia, and it was expected that the necessary pecuniary disbursements would be readily made in this quarter, in consideration of the great advantages likely to accrue to the Russian commerce from such a settlement. Thus the material parts of the plan seemed to be attended with very little difficulty, could the projector only arrive at St Petersburg. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* But in this case the first step happened to be a pretty long one, and the cost, though not very large for a well stocked purse, was apparently quite beyond the reach of a person whose ordinary resources were inadequate to the expenses of his board and lodging. Upon applying again to his friends he found, that with a view of getting rid of him, they were willing to make rather more sacrifices than they would to keep him alive at home. From various sources he collected a sufficient sum to pay his expenses to Amsterdam, and trusting in Providence for the means of continuing his journey after he should arrive there, he set off in the diligence for Brussels, intending to proceed by land to Lubeck and there embark for the metropolis of Russia. It ought to be added here that his family had supplied him with a certificate, rather doubtful in its character, that he was of noble extraction. In fact the family tradition reckoned among their ancestors the celebrated Eustache de St Pierre, so well known for his magnanimous conduct at the siege of Calais. To give his nobility, real or supposed, the proper *éclat* he assumed the style and title of the Chevalier de St Pierre, and furnished himself with a suitable coat of arms from an engraver's shop.

Our adventurer having with difficulty reached Amsterdam, found himself reduced again to the chapter of expedients,—a situation which it would appear from the practice of some powerful empires, is attended with less embarrassment in pub-

lic affairs than it generally is in private. Upon the strength of a slight shadow of acquaintance or relation, he resorted for aid to the editor of the French gazette. Luckily for him this person proved to be a man of sense and kindness—a sage not according to the degenerate fashion of modern times, but after the manner of the ancients, who, according to our biographer, talked less of wisdom than we do, but practised it more. Mustel, a Frenchman born in Normandy, after obtaining some success in the poetical line, had abandoned the muses and settled quietly at Amsterdam in the capacity we have mentioned. Free from ambition, and indifferent to the fates of the great personages whose actions he recorded, and whose good and ill fortune were equally profitable to him, he had spent his life happily in the society of an excellent wife, and in a sort of epicurean retirement. Having now realised an independence, he was desirous in his old age of returning to his country to die. Mustel, a philosopher himself, was pleased with the philosophy of our travelling chevalier, and his sister-in-law was struck with his personal advantages. A proposal was made him to accept the hand of the sister and the conduct of the journal, the latter being worth about a thousand crowns a year. The offer no doubt was tempting to a man without a sol in his pocket; but could hardly be expected to succeed with the destined founder of a powerful nation on the shores of the Aval. It was accordingly refused. He obtained from Mustel a supply of money to pay his expenses as far as Lubeck, and left him with some regret to pursue the chase of fortune. Twenty or thirty years after he had occasion to return to Amsterdam, and found to his surprise that nobody could tell him any thing of the philosophic journal-ist. He had probably returned to his country and his memory had already perished in the scene of his labors. It struck St Pierre as a strange contrast, that a man who for half a century had distributed renown twice a week to all the potentates and heroes in Europe, should not be remembered thirty years after within the limits of his own street.

On his arrival at Lubeck the author of *Paul and Virginia* was visited by another attack of that fatal consumption of the purse, for the cure of which, as Falstaff justly observes, all the palliations that have been discovered are so wholly ineffectual. Here he borrowed two hundred francs from the commandant of the place for whom he had a letter, and embarked

for St Petersburg with a joyous company of artists, painters, poets, jugglers, and hair dressers, proceeding in all the glow of expectation and gaiety to that capital, in order to lend their aid in the due celebration of the accession of the great Catherine, who had just mounted the throne. Their exaggerated hopes and baseless visions of success and fortune afforded our philosopher ample subjects of amusement and pity, as well as of conscious satisfaction at the superior importance and practicability of his own schemes. After a passage of a month they arrived at Cronstadt and immediately proceeded in a boat to St Petersburg. The magnificent spectacle afforded by the entrance of the city from this quarter sustained their hopes, and the hospitality of the inhabitants seemed at first to be in unison with the splendor of the residence. Mr Thornton, a British merchant, inhabiting the noble street called the English Line, that borders the river at this place, came out gaily to meet them, and invited them to repose in his house until their friends could be informed of their arrival. One by one the friends arrived in carriages and took them away, till at last our unfortunate chevalier was the only one left. Not to appear like a man at a loss, he took his leave with a good grace, and was directed by one of his fellow passengers whom he met in the street to the only French inn in the city. He now found that the empress had gone to Moscow to be crowned and was not to return for a considerable time, till when nothing could be done about the future republic. Meanwhile his whole stock of money consisted in the sum of six francs, remaining from the loan of the governor of Lubeck—a poor fund this to supply the necessary resources for a campaign of several weeks against his persevering enemies, the landlady and the baker, who seemed to track his course with unrelenting steadiness, like the harpies in Virgil, from one quarter of the globe to another. He succeeded for some time in parrying their attacks, but found the contest growing every day more unequal, when he was at last relieved from his embarrassment by a lucky accident—or as he was rather fond of styling it himself in the religious spirit of the latter part of his life—by a favorable intervention of Providence. A gentleman clothed in a rich pelisse, who proved to be the secretary of the famous marshal Munich, then governor of the city, accosted him one day at the door of a church, and after a long conversation, offered to present him to the marshal. This ceremony was accordingly

performed the next day, at the rather early hour of three in the morning when the marshal gave him audience. Munich had just returned, at the age of eighty years, from an exile of forty in the wilds of Siberia. While he had amused his leisure in teaching mathematics to the soldiers that guarded him, he had learned philosophy himself from the accidents of his own life, and knew how to value it in others. He perceived the merit of St Pierre, and determined to be of service to him. His first offer was a bag of rubles for his immediate necessities, but this the chevalier refused; observing, with a proper spirit, that ‘the engineers of the king of France could not accept money from any body below a sovereign.’ The marshal was not displeased with this delicacy, and offered in the next place to present him to a general officer, who was going on immediately to Moscow, and would be glad of his company. The proposal was gratefully accepted. A Genevan jeweller, whose acquaintance he had made at his inn, supplied him with money for his immediate wants, which he would not accept from a marshal of the empire, and in a very few days he was on his way to Moscow.

This journey was not without its *desagrémens*, as indeed what passage of human life is? The general with whom our adventurer travelled was rather surly in his deportment—the weather was excessively cold, and while the rest of the company were shut up in two warm close carriages, the lines had fallen to St Pierre in an open traineau, a situation the more disagreeable from his having no pelisse or fur cap. The advance toward Moscow had nearly proved as disastrous to him as the retreat from it lately did to his countrymen. When they stopped to repose, the entertainment was not well calculated to restore his spirits. The general at every post-house distributed to each of the company a small piece of bread as hard as a rock, and the value of half a glass of wine hewn off with an axe from a solid mass of that liquor. Having made this liberal allowance he placed himself at a table to take his own repast, while his companions were expected to remain standing behind his chair. This was a reach of degradation too low to be endured by the future legislator of Tartary. *Non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coræbus.* St Pierre alone of the company took the liberty of sitting in the general’s presence, but whether at the same table is not sufficiently explained. The general, however, we are told, never forgave him this

excess of familiarity. A ride from St Petersburg to Moscow in the winter is not a very uncommon adventure, and to an engineer of the king of France one would suppose not a very formidable one. Under the pen of his sentimental biographer, it assumes however rather a hazardous aspect, as the reader may judge from the following passage, which is a happy specimen of the biographer's best manner.

‘But the aspect of nature was enough to plunge him in melancholy. It is impossible to describe the keenness of the atmosphere and the severity of the frost. Every thing was covered with snow—the woods, the fields, the plains, the mountains, the lakes, and even the sea. In the morning the sun rose like a ball of red fire in the horizon ; its light was pale and without warmth, and served only to agitate in the air a multitude of frozen particles glistening like diamond sands. The night presented a spectacle not less strange. The pines, across which the icy wind passed, were like so many pyramids of alabaster, with passages running into a boundless distance. Now the moon illumined them with bluish gleams, and anon the fires of aurora borealis seemed to cover them with the flarings of a great conflagration. You would have thought them, at such a moment, the colonnades, the porticos of a city, in which the excited imagination beheld sphinxes, centaurs, and harpies, Thor and his mace, and all the fantoms of the heathen mythology.

‘Rapidly borne along on an open sledge, he beheld these imaginary beings flitting around him, and he could with difficulty refrain from believing in their reality. The three carriages drove on, in this condition, without any hope but that of arriving at some poor villages, of which nothing, however, announced the neighborhood, for the very cocks and dogs were stupified by the cold. They beheld, however, troops of wolves, who, pressed by hunger, followed the travellers as their prey. These terrible animals divided themselves into two packs, on the two sides of the road. Each was led by a chief, who sprang forward, preceded the carriages, and stopped from time to time to utter the most plaintive cries, to which the two packs responded at measured intervals. After this call, you would hear no more of them but the light sound of their feet tapping on the snow, a noise more ominous even than their shrieks. Alas ! when our sad traveller, in the midst of these deserts, recalled to his mind the rich fields of France, her smiling vallies, her green hills covered with animals serviceable to man, where the soil is clothed with harvests, vineyards, and rich orchards, where the song of the cock, the baying of the dog, and the silver peal of the rustic bell announce at every morning the return of day, oh, how did his heart not sink with-

in him ! how wretched did he not feel himself to wander so far from his country ! It was thus, that exposed to the rigor of the frost without so much as a cloak to protect him, he could not but envy the wretched peasants, whom he found herded in the huts, but who at least could comfort each other in their misery. He envied even the horses that were harnessed to the carriage, for Providence, careful for them, had covered them with a long and warm hair, like a thick fleece ; as it were to testify—as our traveller despondingly thought at the time—that man alone was abandoned on the earth ; as if to testify—as he devoutly thought twenty years after—that there is not a single being abandoned ; inasmuch as God gives to all, according to their need, that which they have not themselves the understanding to procure.’

Upon his return to St Petersburg sometime after in summer over the same road, the face of nature was wholly changed and the inconveniences he encountered, though not inconsiderable, were of a different description. Such readers as like the effect of contrast may perhaps be pleased with seeing the following passage in the present connexion.

‘He could not do any thing more acceptable to M. de St Pierre, who was overjoyed at the thought of traversing, at his ease and in fine weather, a region, through which he had not forgotten what he had before suffered. But it was his fate to experience on the same spot the extremes of heat and cold. Placed at the bottom of a carriage, without any other clothing than pantaloons of linen, the two travellers were obliged to keep constantly at their sides a block of ice, which was renewed as fast as it melted, and of which the water, mixed with sugar and lemon, was inadequate to appeasing their perpetual thirst. By night, they were pursued by clouds of mosquitoes, which vanished at sunrise. But then there were swarms of little flies, which came to infect the air, and which clung to their faces like grains of burning sand ; larger flies succeeded these till noon ; when armies of new flies, still larger, fell upon them from every side, and covered them with painful stings. One would have thought that, like Egypt of old, the country was given over to a plague of flies. Oppressed for want of sleep, tormented by the heat and by the insects, our travellers pursued, almost blind, that same road, where so lately, benumbed with cold, they had seen nothing but plains covered with snow, and heard only the howlings of the wolf. At this time, the roads were covered with droves of cattle, driven by Cossacs from the Ukraine to Dantzic. The two friends were never tired of admiring the gaiety of these fellows, who, unconcerned at the heat of the sun, the stinging of the flies, or the enormous distance to be traversed, went singing on, in the shade of the pine trees.’

The close of this description may serve as a convenient specimen of our author's style and manner, in the original.

‘Un jour au lueur de l'Aurore, les deux voyageurs cotoyaient à pied les rives d'un lac, en admirant la multitude de perspectives, qui s'ouvraient devant eux. Après une nuit étouffante, ils jouissaient avec délices de la double fraîcheur des eaux et du matin, lorsque les accents de plusieurs voix mélodieuses attirèrent leur attention. Ils marchèrent un instant, sans rien découvrir, mais soudain la vaste étendue du lac se déroba à leurs yeux, à travers quelques sapins isolés, ils aperçurent plus de trois cent femmes entièrement nues, dont les eaux transparentes semblaient multiplier les charmes. Les unes nageaient en silence, les autres chantaient, mollement couchées sur le gazon. La plupart se poursuivaient en folâtrant, tandis que d'autres, laissant tomber la dernière voile, étaient immobiles sur le rivage. Les anges eux-mêmes n'auraient pu voir sans émotion toutes ces beautés réunies. Leurs groupes pleines de grâces se dessinaient sur un horizon d'azur, et semblaient l'œuvre d'un enchantement. On eût dit une troupe de ces nymphes, que le Tasse met à l'entrée du palais d'Armide. Nos voyageurs contemplaient cette scène avec ravissement; mais ayant voulu s'approcher davantage, leur habit rouge les trahit, l'alarme se répandit parmi les baigneuses, et en un moment le tableau disparut. Les plus jeunes se plongèrent dans le lac, et les plus âgées, se couvrant le visage d'une main, de l'autre firent signe aux voyageurs de s'éloigner. Quoique jeunes et officiers ils respectèrent cet ordre, et bientôt ils purent s'en féliciter, lorsqu'ils apprirent de leur conducteur, qu'il y auroit eu du danger à ne s'y pas soumettre.’

It has not been our fortune to travel from Petersburg to Moscow in the winter, and we are of course unable to speak from personal experience of the fidelity of the first of these descriptions. We had occasion some years ago to make this journey in summer; and must add that this last described feature in the landscape had entirely disappeared. By way of compensation, perhaps, we may observe, that we do not recollect to have encountered a single fly or musquito on this long and solitary journey, and although not provided with a block of ice in the carriage, we suffered very little from heat. The principal inconvenience which befel us arose from the quality of the road, which was then composed for the greater part of large unhewn logs placed contiguously to each other across the way, without any covering of earth. We had un-

warily made trial of a carriage without springs, which is used a good deal by the people of the country, called a *kibitka*, and the effect upon the bones of driving over such a road in such a vehicle, is more easily imagined than described. It is time, however, to return to our adventurous knight, whom we left at the entrance of Moscow.

Upon the arrival of St Pierre at this place the adverse stars that had so long presided over his fortunes relented for a time. He was received with great cordiality by General du Bosquet, a Frenchman in the Russian service, to whom he had been particularly recommended by Marshal Munich, and speedily obtained the rank of second lieutenant of engineers. This post seems at first blush a little below the pretensions of our Asiatic Solon, but the brilliancy of the dress afforded some compensation for the inferiority of the rank. It consisted, as we are told by the biographer with laudable exactness, of a scarlet coat with black facings, fawn colored under clothes, white silk stockings, an elegant *plumet* and a bright sword. Such equipments in addition to an athletic and graceful person and an advantageous *tournure* were a good ground for almost any pretensions at the court of Catharine. With such qualifications it was far from being a visionary project to think of ruling a future Empire on the Caspian sea, since they were perhaps more likely than any others to give the possessor the effective command of one in actual existence and extending over half the globe. Such at least was the opinion of the Grand Master of Ordnance, Mr de Ville-bois, to whom St Pierre had been presented, and who cast his eye upon him as a suitable instrument for supplanting the favorite Orloff in the good graces of the empress—Orloff being then the principal obstacle at court to the credit of de Ville-bois. Not long after he accordingly proposed to his *protégé* to present him to the Empress. St Pierre could hardly contain his raptures, although they arose from views entirely opposite to those of the Grand Master. The moment, as he thought, was now at hand when the great object of his expedition was to receive its accomplishment. In direct contradiction to all the principles of court etiquette he thought of nothing less than handing a memoir to the empress upon his intended colony at the public audience, and in preparing for his presentation he was more busy in retouching his plan than in decorating his person. It may be observed that his protector, de Ville-bois, was

not in the confidence of his political projects. The account of his presentation and of his subsequent interview with Count Orloff is rather long, but we think the reader will not find it tedious.

‘M. de Ville-bois, delighted with the enthusiasm of his *protégé*, with whose brilliant schemes, however, he was unacquainted, determined to satisfy his wish, by presenting him to Catharine. A private motive seems, moreover, to have actuated him on this occasion, and every thing leads to the conclusion that he had formed the plan of destroying the influence of Orloff, by that of a new favorite, and thus acquiring an ascendancy over his sovereign. It was one evening, on rising from supper, that he announced to M. de St Pierre the good fortune, which awaited him the next day. Our philosopher had well nigh gone crazy at the news. In haste to be ready, he escaped from the hall of M. de Ville-bois, ran and shut himself up in his chamber, began his memoir twenty times, read it, and read it again, declaimed it, opened his Plutarch, sought there for hints, for inspiration, and prepared a fine discourse on the glory of kings that found republics. The night was passed in the agitations and excitements of this fever. Toward morning he began to dress, stopping every moment to correct some line, alter an expression, or throw in an idea to insure the success of his enterprise. But what was this enterprise, which carried him to the extremities of the earth? what were these seductive speculations, which, in the midst of the ices of the north, could make him forget even his native land? Near the eastern shores of the Caspian sea, between India and the Russian empire, there exists, in the happiest climate, a favored region, where heaven has lavished all its gifts. The Tartars have occupied it, and turned it into a desert. It was here, that, under the modest title of *Company*, our young legislator proposed to found a republic. The empress of Russia, so enlightened in respect to her interests, would protect an establishment, which would bring into her possession the riches of India, and the commerce of the world. This commonwealth should be open to the unfortunate of all nations. To be poor and persecuted should be a sufficient title to enter this assylum. Even the Tartars would soften their manners, to be admitted into this retreat of misfortune. Good faith, liberty, justice and law alone should bear sway in the state: and the code of this new Atlantis should be expressed in terms clear and unequivocal. Like that of William Penn, it should say to all those, who sorrow in the world, ‘Come to our fertile region; and he that there plants a tree, shall gather its fruit.’ M. de St Pierre proposed above all, to imitate this legislator in his reliance on God, the greatest, in our opinion,

ever evinced by the founder of any state; inasmuch as he dared to establish a society of men, rich and without arms; and by a miracle of Providence this society never failed to flourish in the midst alike of savages and Europeans. Such were the noble projects, which the young traveller came, with the firmest confidence, to present to the great Catharine, and rich with these brilliant illusions reached the gates of Moscow with his last crown.

'The hour of the audience at length arrives; the memoir is finished, he reads it once more, runs to M. de Ville-bois, mounts his carriage, and soon after finds himself in a magnificent gallery amidst the great lords of the court. They all affected the manners and politeness of the French. To judge from the air of freedom and happiness in their faces, you would have pronounced them a company of the blest. Each one exerted himself to appear what he was not, to say what he thought not, and to hear what he believed not. Not to deceive would have been the true deception here. There was a mutual fraud, which imposed on no one, and to which every one was reconciled. The eye was dazzled with ribbons, gold, silver, and jewels. At the sight of this motley throng, M. de St Pierre lost at once his courage. He was amazed at his having conceived of bringing a project for liberty into such a circle of slaves. Can they understand the language of truth, whose only pleasure is falsehood? Can they wish to protect the free, who owe their titles and their riches to a yoke, which they bind upon their wretched serfs? Grieved, almost dismayed with these reflections, seized with a timidity which he could not throw off, the project began to quit him, and he would have yielded perhaps to the feelings which oppressed him, when the doors of the gallery were pompously thrown open. All in a moment was motionless and silent, and he saw only the empress. She advanced alone. Her countenance was noble, her expression mild and serious, her carriage easy, every thing about her combined to remove fear, and to inspire respect. She stopped to listen to the grand master. While he spoke, the eyes of Catharine fixed themselves upon our youthful legislator, who approached at a signal of M. de Ville-bois, and according to the usage, dropped with one knee to the floor, to kiss the hand which was extended to him by the empress. After this ceremony, she addressed him several questions about France. He was fortunate in his replies, and a charming smile announced to him that he might take courage. Finally she told him, with an air of great kindness, that she was pleased to have him in her service, and that she begged him to learn the Russian; afterwards saluting M. de Ville-bois, she threw upon his *protégé* the most gracious glances, and continued to proceed with the great lords who surrounded her. The rapidity of this scene had disconcerted the

projects of M. de St Pierre. His discourse had stopped at his tongue's end, and his memorial remained in his pocket. He that had come but to speak the truth, had been able to think of nothing but compliments. By what sorcery had he yielded so soon to the seductions of the court? Why had he not been able to overcome a weakness, of which he was ashamed? Alas, he felt that his republic was vanishing away, and that in holding the language of the courtiers, he had enlisted in their number.

'After the empress had retired, the courtiers surrounded M. de Ville-bois, to congratulate him on the success of his young cousin, who soon became the object of general notice. He was overwhelmed with offers of service; with compliments, protestations, and flatteries. Even count Orloff came to ask him to breakfast, and the baron de Breteuil, then French ambassador, scolded him familiarly for neglecting his countrymen. Stupified and like a person intoxicated, our poor second lieutenant could not imagine what it was, which had rendered him so quickly an important personage. He approached Baraschine, who had been a witness of the scene at a distance, and seemed to share the triumph. As soon as they were alone, Baraschine explained to him the zeal of a court, ever ready to bow down before the momentary idols of fortune. "They think," said he, "that the grand master has cast his eyes on you, to shake the power of Orloff, and regain the favor to which he aspired. They add, that the empress, in retiring, praised your person, your self possession, and the vivacity of your answers. My uncle and several courtiers have commended you; and Orloff turned pale at it. Trust me, and make yourself a rival of this unworthy favorite; every purse will be opened to second you. Set up a carriage, take an hotel, a title, and servants. Throw yourself at all hours in the way of the empress. She is young, handsome and kind; you are a Frenchman, you are agreeable, nothing is impossible for you."

'Resolved not to depart a moment from the principles of honor, he went the next day to the count Orloff with his memorial in his hand, and found him alone in his cabinet, engaged in reading some papers. His reception of M. de St Pierre was polite, but somewhat cold. His manner was marked with a curious mixture of familiarity, openness, and pride. His fierce and masculine beauty would have worn a stern appearance, if you had not perceived in the softness of his air and the studied sweetness of his looks, that he had learned to wear the yoke, and for the sake of reigning had stooped to please. Tea was brought, and while at breakfast, they began a conversation on politics, literature and fortifications. Orloff expressed himself with clearness, and knew how to listen for information, a rare gift among men, who generally listen only to kill time, to forget, and to talk.

Toward the end of breakfast, he took from his library the two first volumes of the Encyclopedia, of which the margin was covered with notes in French, on the most abstract sciences, in the handwriting of the empress. He opened these volumes, threw himself on his knees, covered them with kisses, fell into the most passionate enthusiasm, and spoke in the most glowing terms of the talents of his sovereign, of her accomplishments, her beauty, and the exalted fortune of those whom she loved. He then took from his secretary another book richly bound, and said to M. de St Pierre, "this does not contain much science, but you will see that it is not wholly useless." He opened the volume, which contained nothing but bank notes. "You must take some leaves of it," said he, smiling, "it is the only way in which you can criticise them as you ought;" adding in the kindest manner, "I know, by experience, that the equipment of an under lieutenant is very expensive and his appointments very trifling. You cannot therefore refuse to be obliged by an officer, who feels proud of having begun at the same point as you." M. de St Pierre was affected at this offer; he conceived it a noble and generous action. With greater knowledge of the world, he would perhaps have looked on it as designed to humiliate a rival flattered by the other courtiers. However this may be, the offer of Orloff met with no better success, than that of the marshal Munich. To be the benefactor of M. de St Pierre it was necessary from that time to be his friend or his king. But in rejecting the gift of Orloff with one hand, he presented him with the other the memorial which he had so much at heart. Orloff ran it over with indifference, threw it carelessly upon the table, and said that "views of this kind were contrary to the laws of the empire and the interest of the great." This objection did not discourage our legislator, who grew warm by the very opposition, and tried to convince Orloff, by showing him the beauty and utility of his project. The latter however listened with an absent air, and had already risen like a man whom truth does not please, when it was announced that the empress required his attendance. He immediately waited upon her in his slippers and morning gown, and left M. de St Pierre profoundly chagrined, and disposed to make a satire on all favorites. After waiting half an hour, and finding that the count did not return, he determined to retire, cursing at once his own ambition, and the blindness of the great, in never desiring a real good. The most gloomy reflections pursued him to his miserable abode. He saw dissolved at a moment the enchantment of greatness, with which he had been dazzled; and he found himself now at his stove with his mathematical books, the study of which appeared to him equally useless and tedious, and with no other society than that of a *denneckik*, or military domestic, to which

his rank entitled him. Even the sight of this man increased his dejection. He had been lately torn from his family ; he remained for days motionless behind his master, doing like an automaton that which he was commanded by signal, and in stupid affliction resigned to every thing. Sometimes, however, the expression of sadness burst out all at once in a sort of song, or rather monotonous murmur, accompanied with tears. For the rest, he had so little idea even of the most common things, that by way of cleaning shoes, he would plunge them in water, and leave them there till they were called for, to be put on. M. de St Pierre having taught him how to brush a coat, the invention of the brush seemed to him a thing so marvellous, that he was about to throw himself at his master's feet, and adore him as a superior intelligence. The constant presence of this demi-savage was the more afflictive to our hermit, as it would not allow him to forget a moment, that there, whither he had come to seek fortune and glory, he had found only bondage and misery.'

Such was the untimely fate of one of the most promising and best administered republics that ever existed in the land of Utopia. It does not appear that St Pierre made any further efforts to accomplish his scheme during the remainder of his residence in Russia, which lasted three or four years. It strikes us as rather probable that the extraordinary and romantic coloring given by his imagination to the circumstances of his interview with the empress, and communicated by him to the biographer, was illusory. It is far more likely that M. de Ville-bois perceiving that he had a strong desire to be presented to the empress, was induced by the personal esteem he felt for him, and without any ulterior views of his own, to gratify him in this wish, although beyond the pretensions of his rank ; and there is nothing unnatural in the other incidents that followed. However this may be, the destined founder of republics sunk very quietly into the sphere of his second lieutenancy, from which he gradually rose to the rank of captain ; and had he chosen to remain in this career would probably have attained to the highest posts in the army, and might perhaps have played the part of Kutusoff in the late campaigns, at about the same age. Fortunately for the admirers of Paul and Virginia, his destiny was differently cast. His character at this period of life was too impatient and restless to be long satisfied in any situation, however promising and even brilliant. A wish to abandon the Russian service had been for some time fermenting in his mind, and upon the disgrace of his protector,

M. de Ville-bois, it assumed to his imagination the appearance of a magnanimous sacrifice to friendship and duty. Some efforts were made by the government to induce him to stay ; and General de Bosquet renewed the tempting proposition, that had been held out to him in Holland by the journalist Mustel, in a still more specious form. Few captains of engineers at the present day would resist the offer of the heart and hand of a general's niece,

‘ ——— beautiful as sweet,
And young as beautiful, and soft as young,’

accompanied by the reversion of a princely fortune. Our knight errant would doubtless have perceived the advantages of negotiating upon this basis, and have concluded a treaty at once. Unfortunately the empress Catharine having a cast off favorite to whom she was willing to do a kindness, bethought herself about this time of placing him upon the throne of Poland. The Polish nobility felt themselves aggrieved and were disposed at first to make some resistance ; and although the French government, then in the hands of Madame de Pompadour, was not very efficient, it was understood to be the policy of France to support them. Under these circumstances it became of course the duty of every loyal Frenchman, especially of every officer of engineers, and most of all, of such whose proper vocation was to found and regulate republics and empires, to help the Poles in resisting the appointment of Poniatofsky to the crown. Our chevalier, uniting all these qualifications, could not hesitate a moment. Turning accordingly a deaf ear to the offer of the general's fortune, and an eye of indifference to the charms of his niece, he set off with all speed for Warsaw, provided with proper recommendations from the French ambassador. Upon his arrival he was received with due distinction and cordiality by the chiefs of the party he came to serve, and in order to lose no time in perfecting the objects of his undertaking, he made great haste to join the army of Prince Radzivil. Had he succeeded in this attempt, there is reason to suppose that he would have covered himself with glory by his exploits during the campaign, and it is not improbable that the arm of so valiant a knight would have turned the scale of battle and secured the independence of Poland. Such achievements are far from being unknown in the annals of romance. Still the world would have lost

Paul and Virginia. It is, therefore, not wholly to be regretted that the very day he left Warsaw on his way to the army of Radzivil, he was taken prisoner by a detachment of the Russians who covered the whole country; and found some difficulty in escaping with his life upon giving his *parole* not to serve against the empress. Thus ended the second of our hero's political enterprises, and thus disappeared the last gleam of hope for the brave and high-minded Poles.

Not having for the moment upon his hands any republic to found or protect, our adventurer naturally remained a while at Warsaw to compose himself after his late agitations; and here was seen in its full evidence, the truth of the homely proverb bearing, that if a man cannot find work for himself, a personage we shall not name will soon find it for him. Prince Radzivil had a relation, the princess Mary M——, as our biographer writes her name, with laudable discretion. She had used her interest in favor of St Pierre at the time of his imprisonment. To make repeated visits of acknowledgments to a fair protector was the dictate of natural gratitude. To become enamoured of a princess endowed with every charm of mind and person was the necessary result, with so loving a heart as that of the author of Paul and Virginia; and by this concatenation of cause and effect, we behold our adventurous Paladin in the next stage of his progress a captive, like so many of his compeers of romance, in the toils of beauty, as indifferent to all his high designs, and as much intoxicated with the delicious poison of love, as Holgar the Dane in the Paradise of the Fairy Morgana, Rinaldo in the enchanted groves of Armida, or the pious Eneas in the African palace of Queen Dido. There was this further resemblance between his fortunes and that of the last mentioned personage, that they both commenced by an adventure of precisely the same description. St Pierre, like the Trojan hero, was accidentally overtaken by a storm in company with the object of his passion, and they were led into error by repairing for refuge to the same pavilion. The want of room makes it impossible for us to enter into all the details that are given upon this subject by our sentimental, though at the same time, highly religious and moral biographer. Suffice it to say, that after the inglorious delusion had detained our chevalier for more than a year, those tiresome personages, so constantly hostile to every thing like passion and romance, the *parens*, the relations and friends

of the princess interfered and the knight received his dismissal. He wandered about for some time in a state bordering very nearly upon despair, and invoked death as the only possible means of relief. But it has been observed, that the trials of the heart, though admitted by all to be in the highest degree painful, are seldom absolutely fatal. It is believed that the case of Werther is the only well authenticated example of such a catastrophe. Our hero after a while began to take courage, consulted with his friends, and was advised to repair to Vienna and endeavor to obtain employment in the Austrian service.

This application was wholly unsuccessful, and principally, we think, from our hero's fault. He was recommended by the Austrian ambassador at Warsaw, Count de Mercy, to a baroness, one of his relations at Vienna, and it was by her interest that his claim was to be advanced. We are compelled to say, that in his treatment of this person M. de St Pierre appears to have transgressed all the rules of civility. It is true that the baroness had kept him waiting seven or eight days, before she admitted him to an interview, and that upon making her acquaintance he found that she was old and ugly. But this was really not her fault, and he ought to have recollected that all the women in the world could not be expected to exhibit the airs and graces of the divine princess Mary M. Instead of this he seems to have taken serious umbrage, and to have seized the first occasion for expressing it. The baroness happened to observe that she had formerly known at the French court a Marchioness de St Pierre, and that she was perhaps the mother or aunt of the chevalier; upon which the latter replied, with what his biographer calls a 'noble frankness,' 'that he should not have come to Vienna to offer his service, if he had belonged to the family of the Marquis de St Pierre; but that he would not abuse the kindness of the baroness, and that she might reserve her protection for those who stood in need of patronage and high birth to obtain success.' The baroness, says our biographer, did not understand irony; he might have said she did not like insolence. The conversation naturally stopped at this point, and with it the chevalier's expectation of preferment in Austria. Meanwhile, he had received a letter from the princess Mary M——, filled with tender protestations and expressions of despair at their separation, which he chose to construe into an invitation to

return. It happened that the state carriages, intended to be used at the coronation of king Stanislaus, had been built at Vienna and were just going off. Our hero prevailed upon the conductor to allow him a passage in one of them, and was very soon at Warsaw. It strikes us as a sacrifice of principle in one who had so nobly resisted the pretensions of Poniatofsky to make use of his carriage; but love has led many a wiser man than St Pierre into much greater follies, so that we shall pass over this point without further censure. What was his astonishment upon arriving at Warsaw to find that his disconsolate princess was to give that very night a magnificent ball to the foreign ministers. In the paroxysm of his rage he burst without invitation into the middle of the *fête*, and taking the princess aside overwhelmed her with the bitterest reproaches. The next morning early he received the following laconic *billet-doux*:

‘Your passions are so furious, that I can no longer support them; it is time for you to become reasonable, and to think of your profession and your duty. I am going to join my mother in the Palatinate of ***. I shall not return hither till I know you are gone, and shall not write to you till I know you are in France.

‘MARY M——.’

Such was the *denouement* of this romantic business. After another interval of despair our adventurer took courage a second time, and set off for Dresden in the intention of offering his services to the Elector of Saxony, who was just then making war upon Poland. He was well received at this place, and his adventures here were not less extraordinary than at Warsaw. They are related by the biographer with a relish, which shews very clearly that the *Savans* of Paris know how to unite the national gallantry with the graver cares and tastes of their proper functions. We shall not, however, by any extract, diminish the edification which our readers might experience from reading the account of them in their place, and simply observe that their abrupt and unsatisfactory termination disgusted St Pierre with Saxony, where in other respects, his prospects appear to have been sufficiently brilliant; and he departed somewhat in dudgeon, with the intention of obtaining employment in the army of the great Frederic. The reader will have observed that our adventurer shared, in a degree, the philosophic indifference of the worthy Dugald Dalgetty, and was as ready, in a good cause and with the law on his side, to draw his weapon for one monarch as for another. At Berlin, however, he met with a repulse, the regulations in

regard to the rank of foreign officers entering the service, not being compatible with his pretensions. The only adventure of much interest that occurred in Prussia, was a repetition by the counsellor of state, Taubenheim, of the seducing proposition of the journalist, Mustel, and General de Bosquet. Taubenheim placed at his disposal his eldest daughter, Virginia, a charming girl of fifteen, the prototype of the future heroine of romance, with a handsome fortune, acquired in the thrifty employment of farming the government monopoly of tobacco. This attractive offer created a serious struggle in our adventurer's mind ; but his high destiny of founding empires, finally prevailed over the seduction of a vulgar and unambitious happiness ; and once more we add, that the world is all the better for it, for if St Pierre had espoused the real Virginia we should probably have lost the imaginary one. Having now completed his tour through the north of Europe, our hero returned to France, in precisely the same situation in which he left it ; and resumed immediately the agreeable occupation of soliciting patronage and employment. As it happened, a scheme was in agitation, which precisely fell in with his professional pursuits. The government were meditating the project of founding a colony on the great island of Madagascar, and as our hero was known to work in this line, he was immediately invited to concur. This proposal was accepted of course. The command of the expedition was given to a person of higher rank, and St Pierre had the second place, with the title of captain of engineers at the Isle of France. He sold his little patrimony, and expended the proceeds in buying all the books upon legislation, that have appeared since the time of Plato. Meanwhile, the leader of the new colony in making his preparations, engaged neither soldiers nor workmen, but contented himself with laying in a large stock of servants, cooks, actresses, and secretaries. They had not been long at sea when the secret came out. The commander informed St Pierre, that he had not the slightest intention of founding a colony ; that his only object was to make his fortune, by trading in the natives of Madagascar, and that in selecting the persons who composed his suite, he had consulted of course, only his own personal amusement. This then was the object for which St. Pierre had sacrificed his paternal property, in making a complete collection of Utopias. It may easily be imagined, that he took the earliest opportunity of quitting the

concern. Without proceeding to Madagascar he landed at the Isle of France, and after remaining there two years, returned for the last time to his native country ; and for the last time we add, that however unpleasant this turn of occurrences may have been, it was still in the end productive of benefit, since we could not have had, at least in its present shape, the agreeable pastoral that has given St Pierre his reputation, unless the author had been led by cross accidents to pass a considerable time at the Isle of France.

This was the conclusion of the active enterprises of St Pierre. The rest of his life was employed in the every-day work of writing and publishing books, and furnishes, of course, but few materials for the biographer. He formed, soon after his return, the plan of a voluminous romance, in prose, to be called *Arcadia*, in which was to be recorded, for the benefit of future legislators and knights errant, all the magnificent projects, which the writer had attempted in vain to execute. After laboring many years in collecting materials for this work, he abandoned the plan ; and although he afterwards regretted that he had done so, we are inclined to think that it was fortunate for his reputation. He worked up the materials prepared for the *Arcadia* in the several books which he afterwards published, and we should be very sorry to exchange them for a heavy prose epic poem. The first book of the *Arcadia* was finished and printed, and gives but a poor idea of what the work would have been. The manner is nearly that of the *Martyrs*, by M. de Chateaubriand, and the impression made by it about as dull. The *Studies of Nature*, *Paul and Virginia*, and the *Indian Cottage* were formed out of the materials intended for this romance, and published one after the other with great success ; and the author immediately took his station among the most distinguished literary characters of the time. It would be needless to add any critical remarks upon books so well known. The reception, which *Paul and Virginia* met with from a company of distinguished and enlightened auditors at a reading in manuscript, is matter of curious observation.

‘ Nevertheless a few days after, madame Necker wrote to the author to request him to read his works. She promised him for auditors and judges the persons whom she esteemed the most. M. Necker, as a distinguished favor, would be at home on the occasion. In a word, Thomas, Buffon, the Abbé Galiani, M. et

madame Germany, and some others were admitted to this tribunal, where M. de St Pierre appeared, with the manuscript of Paul and Virginia in his hand. He was at first heard in silence, by degrees the attention grew languid, they began to whisper, to gape, and listened no longer. M. de Buffon looked at his watch, and called for his horses. Those near the door slipped out; Thomas went to sleep: M. Necker laughed to see the ladies weep; and the ladies, ashamed of their tears, did not dare to confess that they had been interested. The reading being finished, nothing was praised. Mad. Necker alone criticised the conversation of Paul and the old man. This *moral* appeared to her tedious and common-place, it broke the action, chilled the reader, and was a sort of *glass of iced water*. M. de St Pierre retired in a state of indescribable depression. He regarded what had passed as his sentence of death. The effect of his work on an audience like that to which he had read it, left him no hope for the future. He did not know that an unknown author must look to the public alone for success. In society, those who have themselves acquired a reputation are slow to praise, for fear of committing themselves; the rest judge of a book only from the name of its author. He remained therefore fully persuaded that Paul and Virginia—that the *Studies of Nature*—that all the works, to which he had devoted fourteen years of patience and observation, were unworthy of the public eye.

He was still suffering under this double ill fortune, when a man of genius, the painter Vernet, came to revive his courage, and to restore him to his favorite studies. This celebrated artist often made a visit to the little garret, which M. de St Pierre then occupied in the Rue St Etienne-du-mont. Accident having carried him thither, a few days after the disastrous scene at M. Necker's, he found his friend in the lowest stage of depression, and the poor hermit—his heart filled with the disappointment—was not slow in relating it to his friend. Vernet was surprised, for he had read several passages of the *Studies*, and was anxious himself to judge of a work from the same pen. M. de St Pierre yielded to his urgency with reluctance, but at last he took his manuscript, which, since the fatal day had remained rolled up on the corner of his table, and began to read Paul and Virginia. Vernet listened at first with distrust, but the charm began to act upon him, and at every page he made an exclamation of delight. Never had he heard any thing so novel, so chaste, so affecting. The description of those distant regions opened to his eyes a new nature. The gardens of Eden were not more fresh. The loves of Adam and Eve have not more grace and innocence. It is the pencil of Virgil; it is the moral of Plato!—Soon he ceased to praise, he wept. He shares the emotions of Paul at the depar-

ture of Virginia ; and he wants words any longer to express the feelings awakened in him. They reach the dialogue of the old man, and M. de St Pierre proposed to omit it, mentioning the effect which it had produced on madame Necker. Vernet, however, would not consent to omit any thing ; he yielded it all his attention, and his silence soon became more eloquent than his tears or his praises. At last the book was finished. Vernet, transported, arose and embraced his friend ; and, pressing him to his breast, cried “ happy genius, charming creature, the beauty of your character is transfused into your work. You have produced a chef d’œuvre. Take good heed not to retrench the dialogue of the old man ; it introduces a distance of time and place into the poem, separates the details of the infancy from the tale of the catastrophe, and gives an air of perspective to the picture. It was inspiration to introduce it. How charming too for its natural beauty is not this distant region ; and how ingeniously is not the action combined with the character of the landscape. One not only seems to have lived with these sweet children, but to hear the chirping of their birds, to cultivate their garden, enjoy the beauties of their sky, and wander throughout the scenes they inhabited. My friend, you are a great painter, and I dare promise you a splendid reputation.”

The Indian Cottage has not the romantic interest of Paul and Virginia, and is less valued by that part of the community who confine their studies entirely to such works as explain the development and effects of the tender passion. It is perhaps more pleasing to a different class of readers, from the very agreeable and satisfactory manner in which it treats some of the highest questions in philosophy. The discussion proceeds in the way of apologue, after the manner of the ancients. In this popular shape the author handles the great problems, where we are to search for truth, that is, for correct notions on the objects of life and the means of effecting them ? Having satisfied ourselves, shall we communicate the result of our researches to others ? What are the best instruments for prosecuting the inquiry ? The answers to the two first questions are sufficiently plausible. We are more likely to ascertain the truth by independent examination of facts, than by implicit deference to authority, and sincerity is the only necessary instrument for carrying on this examination. But shall we communicate the result to others, at the risk of shocking all the prejudices and interests that may be connected with opposite opinions ? The answer to this question is not quite so ration-

al. St Pierre recommends that we should tell the truth to those who are well disposed to receive it, that is in substance, to those who knew it before : but conceal it from the interested and the vicious. He appears to found himself upon the passage in scripture—‘ Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.’ But the moral couched under this brief parable may perhaps be understood to recommend caution and prudence in the publication of unpopular truths, rather than the entire concealment of them, or the revealing of them to those only who knew them before, which appears to be a work of supererogation. The concluding apophthegm of the Indian Cottage serves as a general moral to the work, and has met with universal approbation, *a man is never happy without a good wife.*

In this respect St Pierre may be looked upon as singularly fortunate. At every period of his life he succeeded in conciliating the favor of the sex. We have seen already that, without being subjected to the tedious process of courtship and the repeated preliminary refusals that usually occur in these cases, he had in his youth several opportunities of contracting an advantageous marriage. Where such occasions are neglected, it is not always that they return at a later period ; but with St Pierre they continued to present themselves to the last. In a passage of his *Studies of Nature* he expressed a strong desire to obtain a suitable companion for life. He received in consequence a number of letters from different ladies making proposals for the situation ; one in particular, from Lausanne, the writer of which described herself as young, rich, and handsome. Unfortunately, she was a protestant and could not bring herself to marry a catholic. Her pretensions in other respects were sufficiently moderate. *I wish my husband*, she observed in her letter, *to love me exclusively and forever. He must believe in God, and must serve him in my way. I would not be your wife*, she adds, *unless we could go to heaven in company.* St Pierre replied, that in order to enter upon the marriage state, with a fair prospect of so desirable a result, it was necessary that the parties should see and know each other first. The young lady attempted to continue the negotiation, through the medium of one of her female friends at Paris. The latter does not appear, however, to have been a very accomplished diplomatist. Thinking to carry her point, as Hudibras with the widow, by force of logic ;

she undertook to employ the *argumentum ad hominem* and quoted a passage from the *Studies of Nature*, in which it is observed, that the birds sing their hymns to the great Creator in various notes, but all equally agreeable. A practised reasoner, like St Pierre, could not fail to remind her that this passage was fatal to her own argument; that if all religions were equally agreeable to the Creator, there could be no motive for his conversion, and that he never meant to be understood as saying that a nightingale ought to change his note and sing like a thrush. Some years after he married mademoiselle Didot, the daughter of the celebrated printer, and their two children were named Paul and Virginia. After her death he espoused in second nuptials a very young lady of noble family, mademoiselle de Pelleporc, who survived him and is still living. His old age seems to have been as quiet and happy as his youth was restless and miserable. His tranquillity was but little affected by the revolution. He declined all active political employments, and when requested by Bonaparte to write a work upon the wars in Italy, he positively refused, in consequence of which his name was erased from the list of senators. This was not the sacrifice of a mere title, as the place of senator was attended by a handsome pension. He died in January 1814, at the advanced age of seventy-seven.

A strong sentiment of religion was a prevailing feature in the intellectual habits of St Pierre during the latter part of his life; and the independence, with which he expressed it on all occasions, gave occasion to a very strange scene at a meeting of the institute.

‘Here begins one of the most scandalous scenes of the revolution. Why can we not here stop? why have we entered this fatal career without calculating what it would cost us to complete it? But the choice of keeping silence is not left us; and even if we could tear this page from our work, we could not efface its contents from our history.

‘It was in the year 1798, that Bernardin de St Pierre had been charged by the class of morals to make a report upon the memoirs which had been written on the prize-question, What institutions are the most proper to form the basis of public morals? All the writers had treated the subject according to the well known opinions of their judges. Dismayed at a perversity which he could not but believe affected, the author of the *Studies* was anxious to bring men back to views more just and consolatory,

and he finished his report by one of those flights of inspiration in which his soul breathed out all the sweetness of the gospel. On the appointed day, he repairs to the institute to submit his report. The greater part of his colleagues were gathered round a minister, who kept in pay a band of mercenary scholars, directed to retrench from the Latin poets all that regarded the divinity, that they might be rendered fit manuals for the revolutionary schools. It was in presence of such an auditory, that M. de St Pierre began to read his report. The analysis of the memoirs was heard with sufficient attention, but at the first annunciation of his religious principles, a cry of fury was heard from all parts of the hall. Some jested, asking him when he had seen God, and what was his form; others derided his credulity; the most moderate addressed him with expressions of contempt. From ridicule they proceeded to outrage; they insulted his age, they charged him with dotage and superstition; threatened to expel him from an assembly of which he had made himself unworthy; and there were some, who carried the madness so far, as to challenge him to a duel, in order to prove, at the point of the sword, that there was no God. He vainly attempted to make himself heard in the tumult; they would not hear him, and the *ideologist* Cabanis, the only one we shall name, in a transport of rage, cried out, "I swear there is no God, and I demand that his name never again be pronounced within these walls." Bernardin de St Pierre would hear no more. He ceased to defend his report, and turning to this last opponent, said to him calmly, "your master Mirabeau would have blushed at the words you have uttered." Saying this, he retired without waiting for a reply, and the assembly continued to debate, not if there were a God, but if they would allow his name to be heard in their halls.

Meantime M. de St Pierre had entered the library. Dis-mayed at a scene without a parallel in the history of human societies, he felt that he ought to make a last effort, and hastened to commit to paper a few ideas, which should touch the minds of his auditors. This memoir was the work of inspiration; there are but a few words erased in the draft of it before us, and it was never copied. It is an affecting compound of sweetness and strength, and a model of the most lofty eloquence. He prays, he consoles, he seeks to reconcile—this was his only reply to the insults with which he had been loaded. He would not wrong himself by trying to *prove* that there was a God. He disdained to appeal to the works of nature; they would not be comprehended by men corrupted by the vices of society. But he sought to make them blush, by recalling to them the ephemeral laws of this period. He opposed to the deliberate Atheism of his colleagues the involuntary assent of the representatives of the people, men

covered with crimes, who yet dared not deny the God, whose vengeance awaited them. He carried this terrible argument so far, as to invoke that name, which no being can pronounce without a shudder—Robespierre—whose auspices the class of morals was claiming. Thus spake the just! And God granted that these lines, inspired by the love of man, should be superior to any thing that the author, who had produced so many eloquent works, had hitherto written, that posterity might behold in his finest page the record of his noblest action?

St Pierre attached great importance himself to certain theories of his own in natural philosophy, particularly one, which refers the movement of the tides to the dissolution of ice at the poles. This object occupied his mind more and more as he advanced in life; but his views on the subject have not been sanctioned by the approbation of good judges, and it would be superfluous, even if we had room, to discuss them here. His business after all was more with the *optic naiads*, to borrow an expression from the friend of Gray, than with the nymphs of the ocean. The tides, whose principles of motion he had studied with success, were those, which swell the heart and gush from the eye.

ART. XI.—*Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice. A tragedy, in five acts, by Lord Byron.* London, 1821, pp. 261.

THE Baron de Grimm, in speaking of the decline of French tragedy, considers it as so obviously to be accounted for, that it was strange more than one explanation of its causes was offered. How is it possible, he asks, that any display of the influence of a *single passion* on the heroic character should yet remain to be discovered? Has not every different relation, in which *love* can be exhibited in romance, been described? Is it not hopeless to look for a conflict of the different affections which has not been portrayed? Without inquiring into the answers to this argument, by those in France where the theory is held, who were then or are now founding their hopes on what de Grimm considers impossible, it is clear that the English theatre has fully determined in theory if it has not successfully demonstrated, that there are other dramatic passions than love. What Pope, when young, attempted but suppressed, and what Addison